

ALL NEW ♥ 4-COLOR ♥ HEARTACHE & HILARITY

No. 4

young LUST

PRINT
MINT

\$1.00
NO SERVICE
TO MINORS

YOUNG LUST

HO HUM...
SEX IS SO
PASSÉ...

TOO
BORING
FOR WORDS...

YEAH...
I WENT OFF
THE PILL
MONTHS
AGO!

MESSY TOO!

PERSONALLY
I'M STILL A
VIRGIN...

AND
I'VE BEEN
MARRIED
TEN
YEARS!

YOU KNOW
YOU DON'T AROUSE
ME ONE BIT...

THAT'S A RELIEF...
I'M FRIGID
ANYWAY...



LOVE ON THE RUN

by Nancy Griffith

I never guessed that there was something else cooking besides the high-priced omelettes at the Acne Cafe the day I met Sid. Leslie and I had been out walking our plat-forms on that fateful day when we decided to stop off at our favorite hang-out and get a caffeine pick-up. Sal was there, and Lotus and Bunny and the rest of the crowd, decked out in their snappiest duds, sitting around as usual, waiting for whatever to happen. It was Sylvia, I think, who lit up a Sherman's and started into a heavy rap about the romantic reality of the SLA when I got the urge to pee and made a bee-line for the john. The timing was perfect. I was probably just zipping up my levi's as Sid was unzipping his to get ready for his outrageous performance.

The john door swung closed behind me as I headed back to our table. I hadn't taken two steps, when I was practically knocked over by a man-sized bolt of bronzed lightning, whizzing by at an incredible speed right under my very nose! It all happened so fast, I didn't even have a second to take a really good look, and before I caught on to what was up, I felt these strong muscle-rippling arms encircling my waist and a very definitely masculine pelvis pressing against my buttocks. I shrieked and almost fainted as my feet flew up from the ground and landed some 30 yards later where my molester deposited me in the midst of a cheering crowd. Speak of humiliation—I was absolutely pomegranate with embarrassment! I got my bearing just as the shameless dude reached his homeplate of a pile of clothes and slipped back into them with the ease of a professional quick-change artist. A sip of coffee later, he recovered his coffee-house cool and was chatting with his friends as if nothing had happened.

Well, I had to admit that I dug his style. I mean, there was no doubt that there was a man who really stood out in a crowd and was willing to take any risk to make his presence felt. And anyway, what girl wouldn't want to be whisked off her feet by a naked Greek god and carried helpless and frantic before the eyes of all to see? Really, it was love at first streak.

We had an absolutely whirlwind courtship. Sid was unabashed in his exhibitionism and would get his act on whenever the impulse hit. He had a very thorough philosophy underlying his actions which won my deepest admiration and respect. People, he said, become hopeless neurotics by repressing their most basic needs to reveal their true selves. In public places especially, the average person's conditioned inhibition led to elaborate systems of defense known as the "personality." Sid's purpose in life was to liberate mankind by forcing people to realize we are all naked underneath our social facades, and that the sooner we're able to see this, the happier we'll all be.

Far out—I thought. Finally a man with no hang-ups! It wasn't long before Sid and I were making the scene side by

side—minus everything but our birthday suits. We planned our excursions into the land of Social Taboo carefully for optimum effect and impact. One of our most thrilling hits was at a place called "The Banged Dong," a gay bar where no hetero couple had ever entered clothed, much less in the flesh. Hand in hand, we breezed up to the cash register and asked for change to get a bus. Two customers in queenly glitter and complicated hairdos stopped dancing and just stood there, mouths agape, eyeballing us like we were from another solar system. The bartender got all up tight and signaled for the bouncer, a strapping young man with a red scarf around his neck who broke into a cold sweat the minute he saw us. By this time, the whole crowd was aghast and shrinking. We didn't get our change—for the bus, that is—but according to Sid's post-raid assessment, the patrons of "The Banged Dong" got theirs!

You might say we grabbed our loving on the run. Sid was always openly affectionate to me during our escapades, but at the rare times we were alone and things would get cozy between us, he seemed to withdraw and become absorbed in his own thoughts. Not being the aggressive type, I hesitated to bring the subject up, but frankly, I was becoming more and more eager to get it on, and Sid was showing no signs of encouragement. We spent a lot of our spare time lounging around "au naturel" and it was during one of these times that I decided to make the initial move of snuggling up to him and stroking the inside of his thigh. Would you believe he positively freaked out?!? He started in on this tirade about how he was conserving his sexual energy for his mission in life, and how I was trying to subvert his very high goals by robbing him of his vitalizing force. Well, man, this was just too much! I lay awake all night trying to figure this one out and how I felt about what had gone down.

The next evening when Sid came over, he was not his usual extroverted self. He was hugging a package under his arm and looking kind of sheepish when I asked what he had there. He got a little pink in the cheeks, and, staring at his feet, tossed it to me and quickly left the room.

Well, I thought, when I looked into the crumpled bag, whatever turns him on, whatever turns him on. Black was never my color, but I'd do anything for Sid.

The door creaked open just as I had gotten myself seductively stretched out on the waterbed, decked out in the filmiest, pom-pom fringed, black Frederick's of Hollywood number, cum split crotch bikini panties. Bursting into the room, Sid let out a yelp of delight, and feasting his eyes on my enticingly-clad curves, got so turned on that he dived right in and we consummated our union at last.

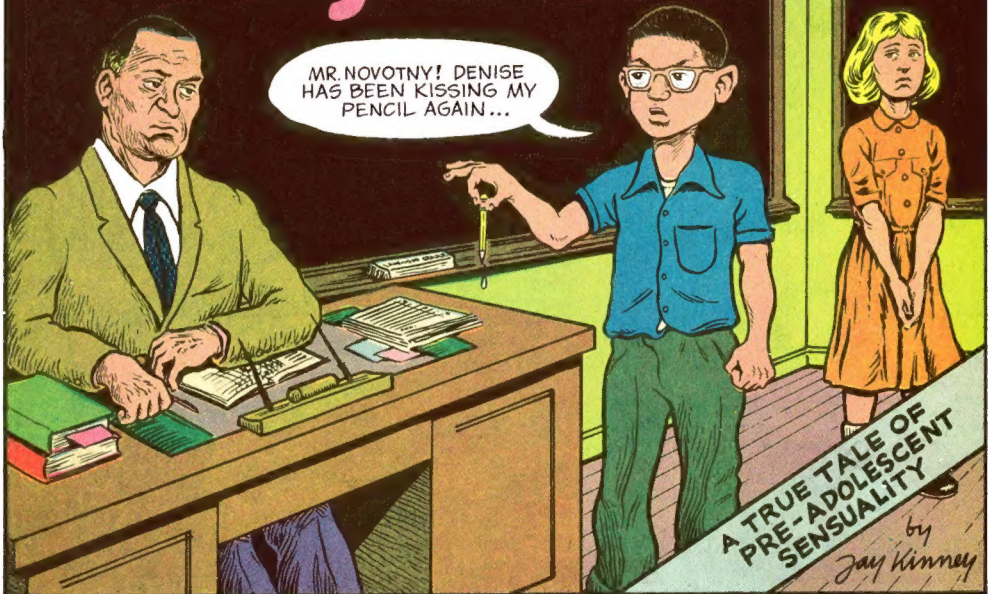
Which all goes to show, I guess—even streakers have to be peekers, sometimes!

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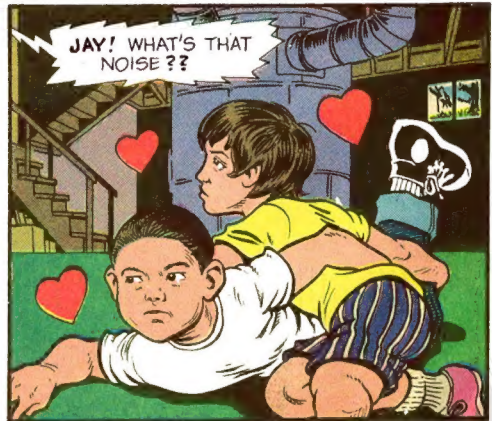
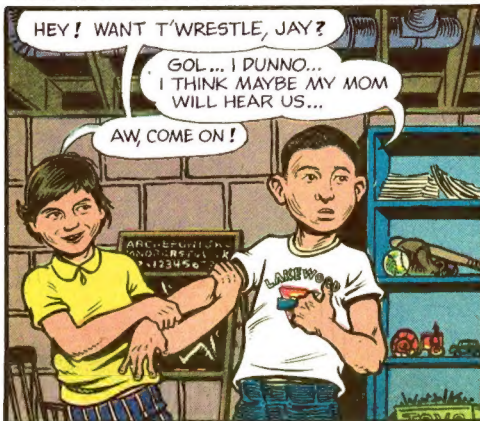
BENEATH THE COMPLACENT SURFACE OF MADISON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN LAKEWOOD, OHIO, 1960-61, BOILED EMOTION-PACKED EVENTS OF STARTLING SIGNIFICANCE...

5TH GRADE

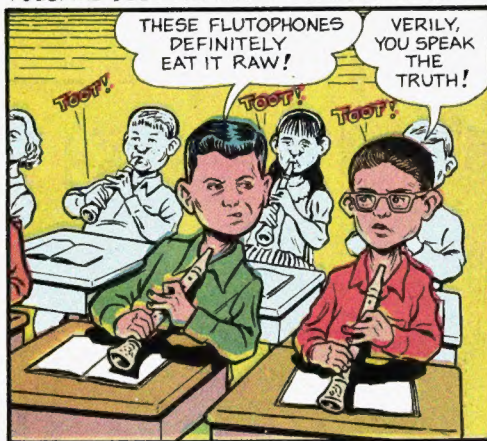
Confidential



AS WITH MOST THINGS, THE ROOTS OF THIS **SCENARIO OF SIN** GO BACK... FAR BACK TO THE COBWEB ENCRUSTED DAYS OF 1958 WHEN I WAS BUT A NAIVE CHILD OF EIGHT. IT WAS THEN THAT PAM ASHBY FIRST MADE **RIPPLES** ON THE CALM OCEAN OF MY **UNSUSPECTING ID!**



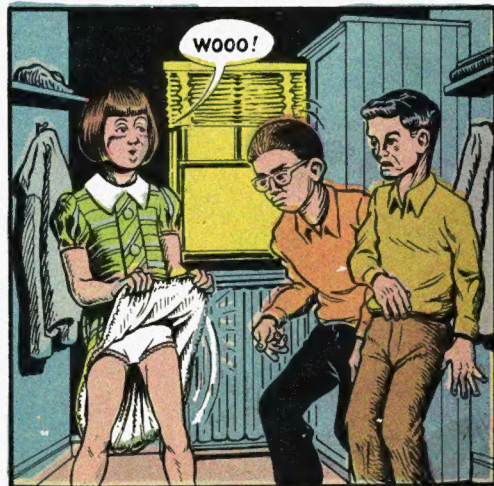
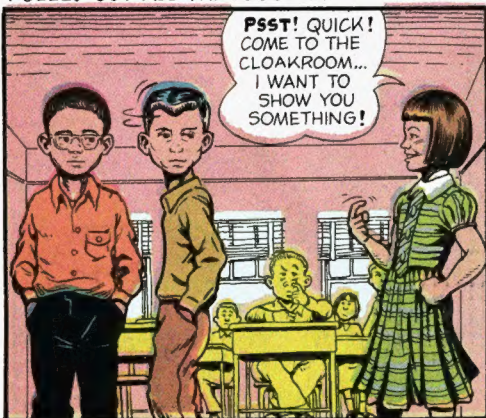
AS I INCREASED IN WISDOM AND IN STATURE, I BECAME BEST FRIENDS WITH **JIM BUSCH**...



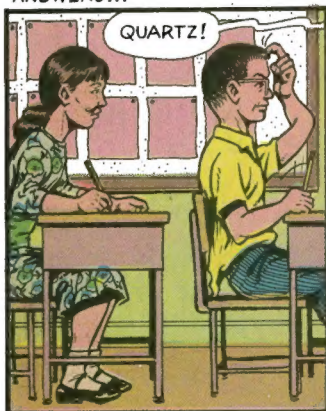
IT WAS WITH JIM AND HIS SISTER, SANDY, THAT I WAS FIRST IMMERSSED IN BLUE HUMOR...



IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS SORDID WALLOWING IN CORRUPTION, **SUSAN DAVIS** REALLY PULLED OUT ALL THE PLUGS...!



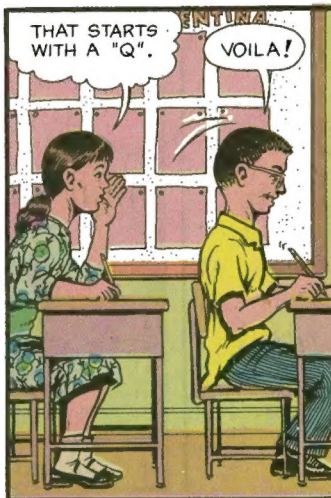
PAM ASHBY, HER WRESTLING DAYS IN THE PAST, MADE DO WITH SLIPPING ME SPELLING TEST ANSWERS...



SHE, OF COURSE WAS OBLIVIOUS TO MY INCHOATE EMOTIONS, AND I WAS REDUCED TO PERFORMING MAGICAL RITUALS OF DEBATABLE EFFICACY.



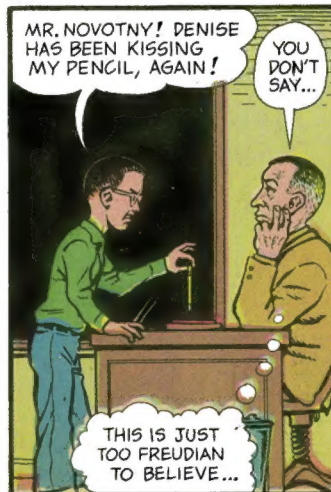
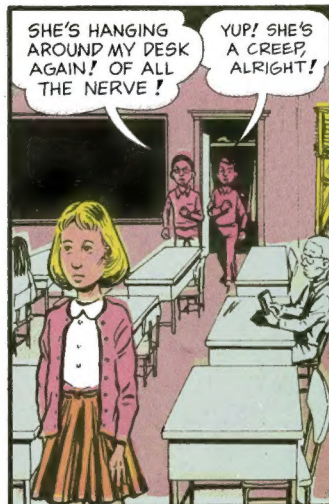
ONE DAY I ARRIVED AT MY DESK TO FIND MY PENCIL WET...



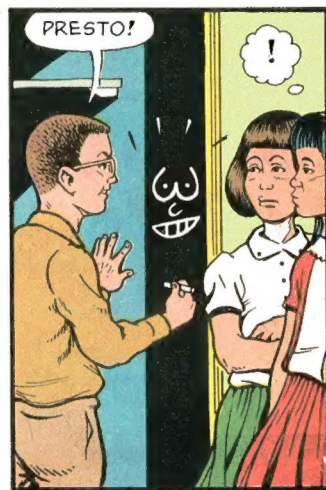
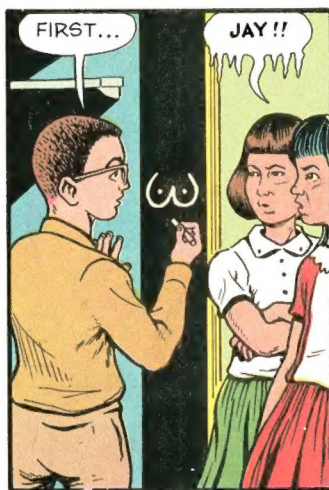
MEANWHILE, I BECAME CONVINCED THAT A GIRL NAMED **DENISE** WAS TRYING TO FORCE HER ATTENTIONS ON **ME**...



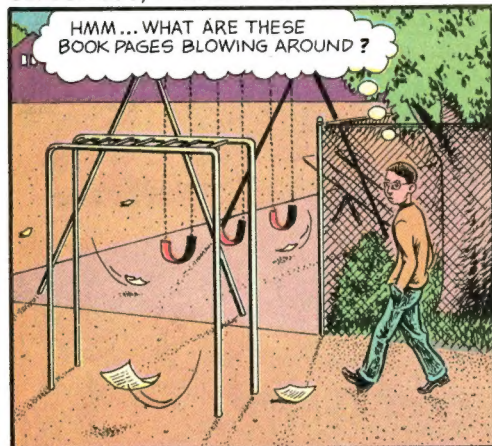
HOWEVER, TYPICALLY, ANOTHER GIRL ALTOGETHER HAD SNATCHED UP ALL MY SPARE ATTENTION... A STUCK-UP LITTLE FILLY BY THE NAME OF **STEFFIE HULL**.



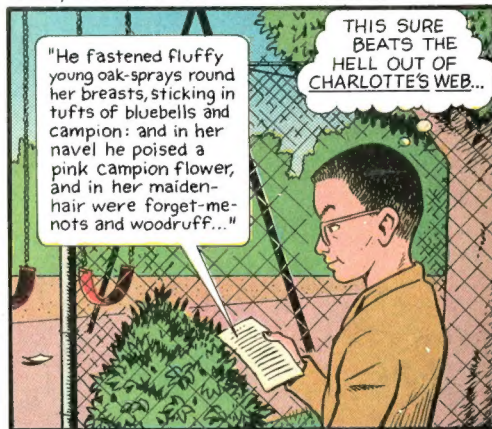
NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY SUSAN DAVIS, I WAS TO STAGE A CLOAKROOM ANTIC OF MY OWN AS TIME WENT BY...



ONE EVENING I WAS WANDERING AROUND THE SCHOOLYARD, TRYING TO AMUSE MYSELF...



SOME WARPED GENIUS HAD DECIDED TO RIP-UP A COPY OF **LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER**, PAGE BY PAGE, AND SCATTER IT TO THE WIND...



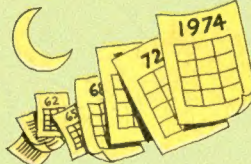
THUS WAS SOWN THE SEED OF MY APPRECIATION OF THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE...



IN 1962, MY FAMILY MOVED TO ILLINOIS AND I WAS NEVER AGAIN TO GLOM MY EYEBALLS ON ANY OF MY GRADE SCHOOL COMPATRIOTS.

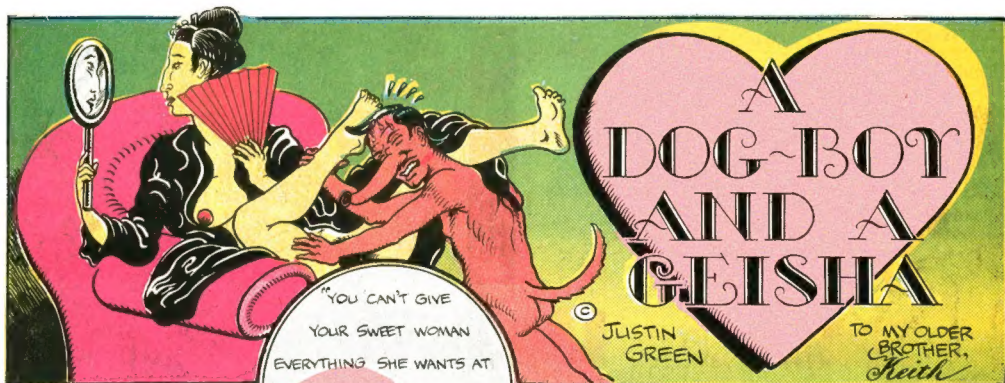
I LATER HEARD THAT PAM ASHBY'S MOTHER SHOT HER HUSBAND AND THEN TURNED THE GUN UPON HERSELF. MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.

PAM AND HER TWO BROTHERS DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT AND... WELL, WHO KNOWS?



HOWEVER, TEN YEARS LATER...

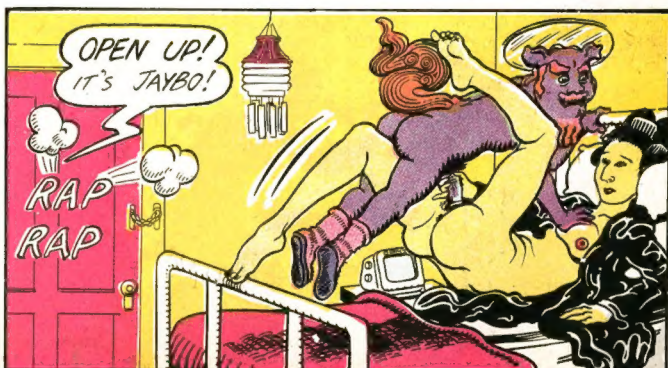
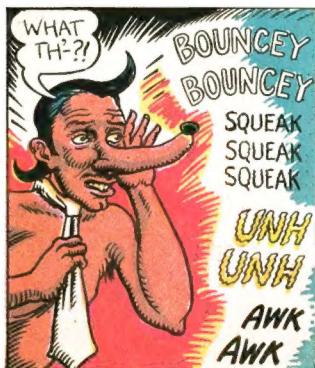
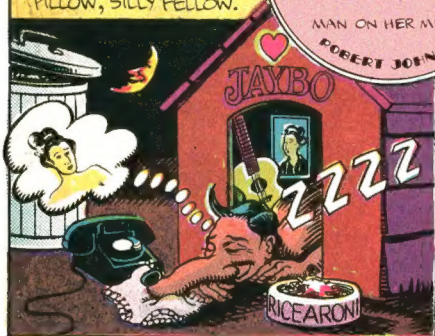


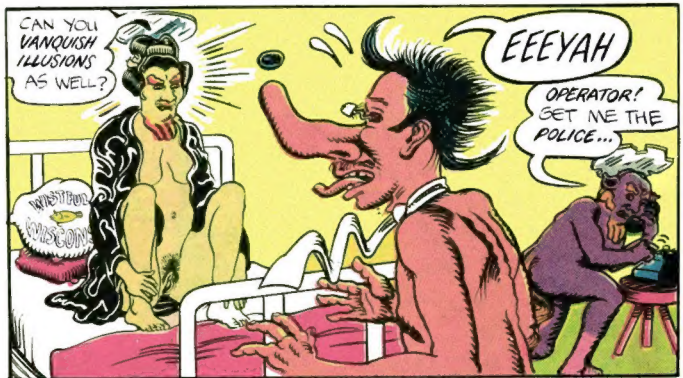
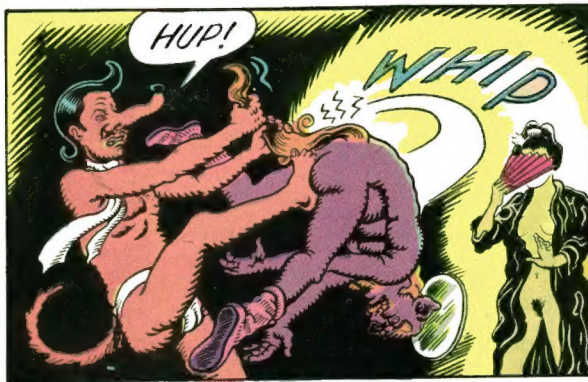
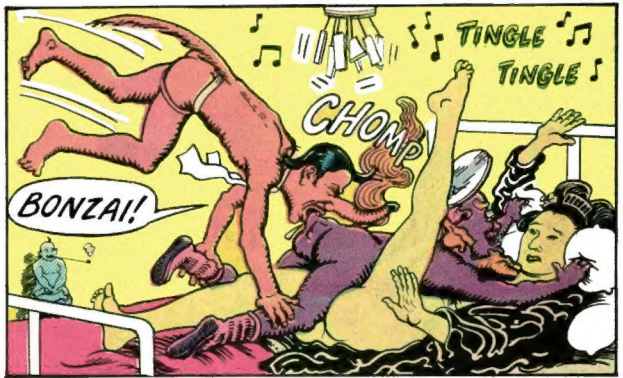


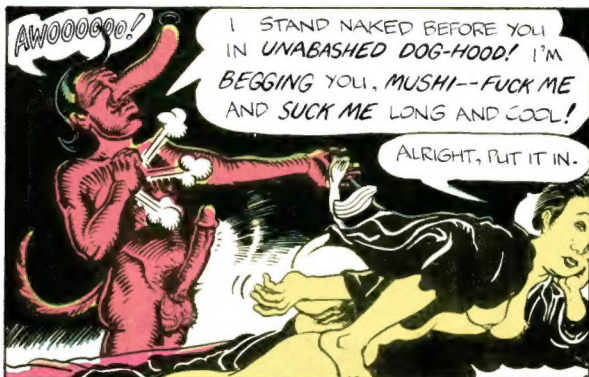
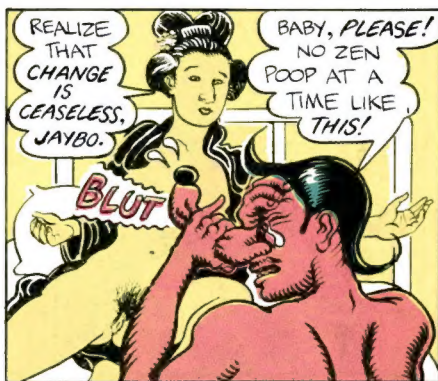
"YOU CAN'T GIVE
YOUR SWEET WOMAN
EVERYTHING SHE WANTS AT
ONE TIME; IF SHE'S TALKIN'
OUT HER HEAD, GOT ANOTHER
MAN ON HER MIND."
ROBERT JOINSON

HER PANTIES ARE HIS
PILLOW, SILLY FELLOW.

HE SEES HER FACE EVERYWHERE HE GOES.







ACCEPTANCE!
**GILLY
 CON-
 QUERS
 HIS
 SEX
 PROB-
 LEM!**

NO, THANKS; BROUGHT A SIX-PACK MYSELF. GOOD OL' SAN MIGUEL.

YOU SURE KNOW YOUR BEER, GILLY!

THOSE ARE SUPER-NEAT SHADES, GILLY!

GILLY, I SURE WISH MY HAIR WAS AS NATURALLY GOOD-LOOKING AS YOURS...AND YOU NEVER HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

WELL WHAT ABOUT HIS COM-
PLEXION? SAME THING THERE!

GONNA SHOW US SOME ATHLETIC TRICKS, GILLY?

PAMMIT! I
CAME BEFORE
I FUCKED
OPHELIA.
-OH, WELL.

SHIT! WHY'D
I TELL BOB
I'D MEET HIM
AT THE BEACH?...
ZIIIIF

MY PAL, BOB
TEFLON...HE ONLY
WANTS ME TO
BE HIS SIDE-
KICK- BUT AT
LEAST OPHELIA
NECKER WILL
PROBABLY BE
THERE.

I HOPE
NOBODY
STARTS
KIDDING
ME ABOUT
TAKING
OFF MY
CLOTHES-

WHY DO I HAVE TO BE A FAT GUY? IF I WASN'T I'D GET THE CHICKS...

HI BOB.

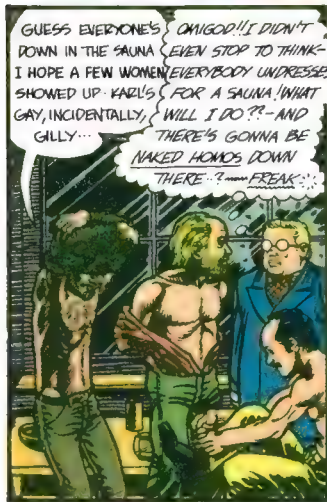
HI, STUPID AND UGLY!... GETTIN' ANY LATELY?



SO, TIME GOES BY GILLY BLURR, AND SO DOES SEX, WHICH HE FEELS IT HIS DUTY TO BE CONCERNED WITH, IF PATHETICALLY...

-FOR A SHORT WHILE, TIRED OF WHIPPIN' HIS WILLY, HE ACTUALLY DIGGS UP A *GIRLFRIEND*, BUT, ASHAMED TO SHOW HER IN PUBLIC, HE SOON...

...CUTS HER LOOSE. THEN, ONE WINTER EVENING, HIS FRIENDS BOB TEFLON, LUKE BENT, AND GERARD BORN INVITE HIM TO A PARTY.





HHMMMMMMMMMM

!



... WASN'T TOO "COOL" BEFORE HIS HAIRCUT--!

... AND, THEN, HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR OFFER--AND ASKED WHO I'D SUGGEST !!



--I TOLD HIM TO FORGET IT, ALL THE WOMEN IN TOWN ARE EITHER OVER 45 OR HAVE TWO KIDS OR BOTH

STOP



SEX BORES ME! I DON'T NEED IT, I DON'T LIKE IT! I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO NOT LIKE IT! I'VE WASTED MY TIME FOR TWENTY YEARS WORRYING ABOUT IT JUST BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE LIKES IT! I'M ME, GILLY BLURR!! I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING JUST BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES IT!



@!\$%&!! MUMBLE FROM NON ON THINGSLL BE DIFFERENT (YAWN)... BETTER BELIEVE IT.

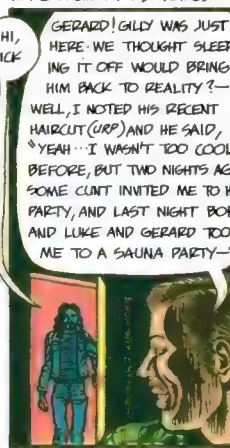
PRESENTLY, THE BARS HAVING CLOSED AND EVERYONE GONE HOME, GERARD RECOUNTS THE EVENING'S AFTERMATH TO HIS ROOMMATES, BOB TEFLON AND DICK URSINUS...



... HE RUBBED HIS CHIN AND SIZED UP THE TALENT--OH, LORD, GILLY...

OH, WELL, HE'LL WAKE UP TO-MORROW, FEEL SHEEPISH, AND FORGET ABOUT IT.

THE NEXT DAY: GERARD COMES HOME FROM A DAY'S DOINGS...



HI, DICK

GERARD! GILLY WAS JUST HERE. WE THOUGHT SLEEPING IT OFF WOULD BRING HIM BACK TO REALITY?-- WELL, I NOTED HIS RECENT HAIRCUT (URP) AND HE SAID, "YEAH... I WASN'T TOO COOL BEFORE, BUT TWO NIGHTS AGO SOME CLUNT INVITED ME TO HER PARTY, AND LAST NIGHT BOB AND LUKE AND GERARD TOOK ME TO A SAUNA PARTY--"

FOR A FEW DAYS, GILLY PESTERS DICK FOR ADVICE ABOUT GERARD'S "OFFER", ENJOYING THE FANTASY OF BEING "ONE OF THE GUYS", BUT HE DOESN'T MENTION IT TO GERARD FOR FEAR OF IT BEING REAL-- THEN, ONE EVENING DISTINGUISHED ONLY BY GILLY'S TURNING 32--



WELL-- BACK TO THE SAME OLD GRIND

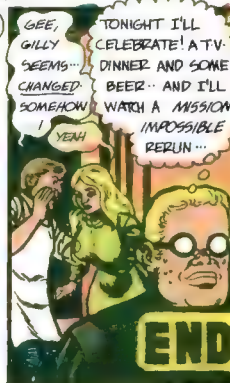


--WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I SITTING HERE THROWING MY HANK? WHY DO I PRETEND SEX EVEN INTERESTS ME??

AND THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN HE RECEIVES HIS USUAL GREETING AT WORK, GILLY SMILES ENIGMATICALLY, THE SMILE OF ONE WITH THE INNER STRENGTH BORNE OF TRUE PEACE OF MIND-- FOR HE HAS AT LAST LEARNED THE ANSWER: SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO BE "CUT OUT FOR SEX."



HEY, MR. PERSONALITY! GETTIN' ANY LATELY? (SNICKER)



GEE, GILLY SEEMS-- CHANGED-- SOMEHOW! YEAH

TONIGHT I'LL CELEBRATE! A TV- DINNER AND SOME BEER-- AND I'LL WATCH A MISSION IMPOSSIBLE REELIN...

END

THEY CALLED HIM THE BUTT HOLE OF COMPANY B. LOOK BILLY BUTTFORD WAS THE FIRST TO ADMIT HE WASN'T THE SMARTEST. SO WHAT? WHY HE'D MADE CORPORAL PICKING OFF MORE THAN HIS FAIR SHARE OF AXIS MONKEYS HADN'T HE? AND NOW, WITH THAT SAME UN-ERRING, COLD BLOODED SKILL, HE WAS WINNING A PAIR OF CUTE BABY MONKEYS FOR HIS BEAUTIFUL REFUGEE BRIDE, FREDA. POOR BILLY, IT'S A DIRTY SHAME, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO BECOME THE FALL GUY IN A SORDID TALE OF...



SIMIAN SIN!

PLEASE GIVE ME A HOME

PLEASE GIVE ME A HOME

MY DARLING! YOU HAF WON FOR ME DA MONKEYS!

I VILL CALL DEM HANS UND FRITZ! TEE HEE!

THE WINNAH!

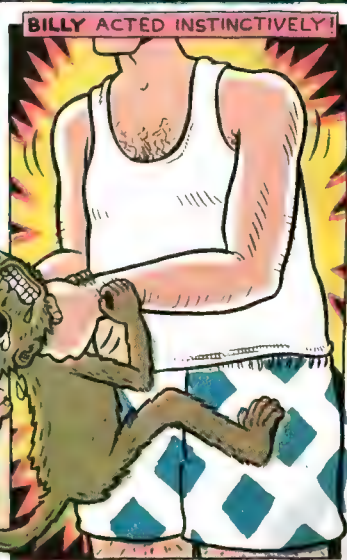
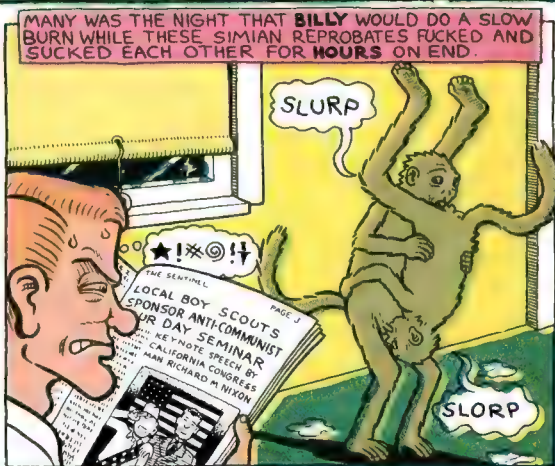
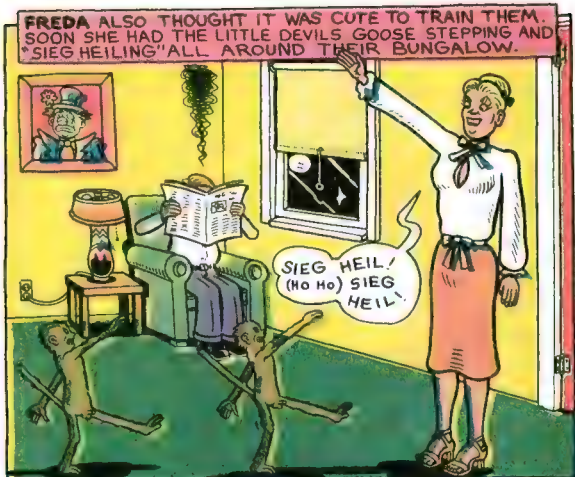
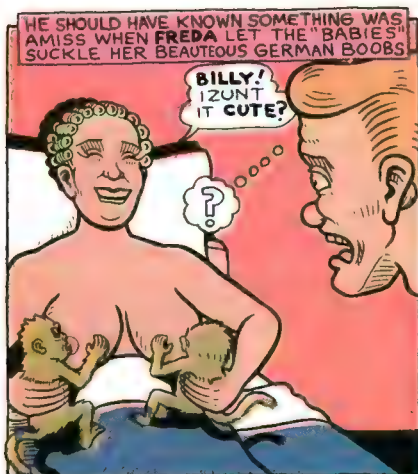
LOOKING BACK, IT ALL HAPPENED PRETTY FAST, FRESH FROM THE HONEYMOON, AND ALREADY THEIR PARTY HAD DOUBLED IN NUMBER.

EEK! EEK!

EEK! EEK!

BE CAREFUL DOOMKOFF! YOU ARE FRIGHTENING DEM!

BY KIM DEITCH



HOWEVER, BEFORE HE COULD GIVE FREDA A GOOD DOSE OF THE SAME, SHE WAS SAVED, THANKS TO SOME FAST ACTION ON THE PART OF LITTLE HANS!



HANS DIED A NATURAL DEATH TEN YEARS LATER, ATTENDED (AS EVER), BY HIS LOVING MOMSY, FREDA!



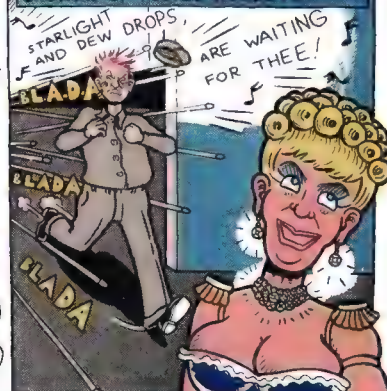
BILLY WAS A MODEL PRISONER FOR THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF HIS SENTENCE; UNTIL ONE DAY IN THE PRISON GYM.



ABOUT HALF WAY THROUGH A SCREENING OF THE GIANT APE OPUS 'MIGHTY JOE YOUNG', BILLY JUMPED UP AND RAN SCREAMING FROM THE GYMNASIUM.



DYING SECONDS LATER, IN A DEADLY SHOWER OF POLICE BULLETS!



FREDA TODAY IS A YOUTHFUL FORTYSIX, (THOUGH SHE SCARCELY LOOKS IT), AND LEADS AN INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED, CRACK MONKEY DRILL CORPS. WHILE SHE ADMITS TO MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, IT IS SHE AND SHE ALONE WHO PULLS THE STRINGS IN THIS UNIQUE ORGANIZATION.

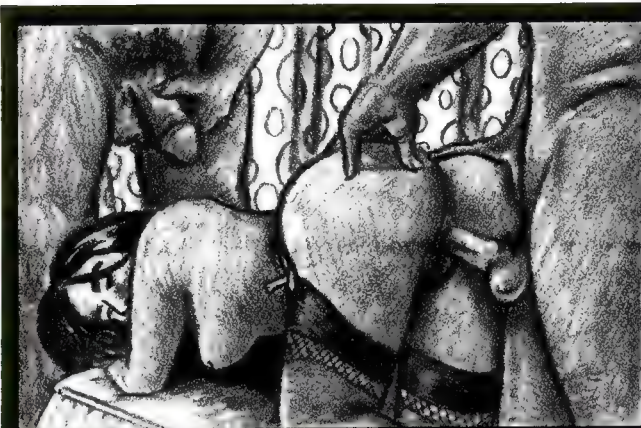




WELL THERE IS MARSHA AND SHE IS A MIDGET AND SHE SITS IN THE GLASS BOOTH OF THE ROXIE AND SELLS TICKETS.

AND WELL THERE IS AUGIE AND HE PAINTS SIGNS IN A SHOP UP THE STREET AND AUGIE IS A DWARF.

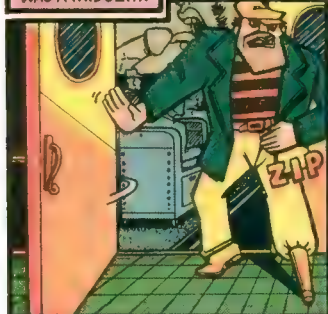
AND THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO IT EXCEPT FOR FOUL BERNIE THE GIMP. HE IS FOUL WHEN HE IS DRUNK AND HE IS ALWAYS DRUNK. SO HE IS CALLED FOUL BERNIE.



LITTLE SIGNS OF

PASSION

WELL THERE WAS MARSHA AND SHE WAS A MIDGET...



...AND SHE SAT IN THE GLASS BOOTH OF THE ROXIE AND SOLD TICKETS.



AND WELL THERE WAS AUGIE AND HE PAINTED SIGNS IN A SHOP UP THE STREET.



AND AUGIE WAS A DWARF.



AND THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO IT EXCEPT FOR FOUL BERNIE THE GIMP.



HE WAS FOUL WHEN HE WAS DRUNK AND HE WAS ALWAYS DRUNK.



SO HE WAS CALLED FOUL BERNIE.

"A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE CREATURE
MEETS A BEAUTIFUL MALE CREATURE."



"THEY DO **NOT** AT ONCE.
FALL IN LOVE."

"BUT IT IS OBVIOUS TO THE READER FROM
THE BEGINNING THAT THEY **DOUGHT** TO
FALL IN LOVE."



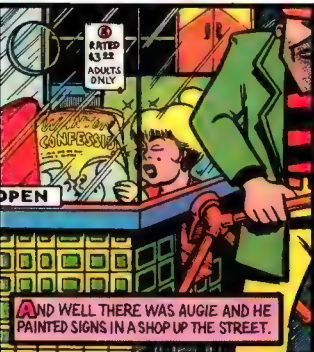
"WELL THERE WAS MARSHA AND SHE WAS
A MIDGET."



"BECAUSE READERS ARE LIKE THAT THEY
WILL BE OVERJOYED AND FOR SOME
PATHOLOGICAL REAS-
ON DOWNRIGHT
SURPRISED WHEN..."



"AFTER CARRYING YOUR STORY THROUGH
THE OPENING PAGES YOU DO HAVE THE
BEAUTIFUL MALE AND FEMALE CREA-
TURES FALL IN LOVE."



AND WELL THERE WAS AUGIE AND HE
PAINTED SIGNS IN A SHOP UP THE STREET.

"KNOW WHAT SADISM IS?"



AND SHE SAT IN THE GLASS BOOTH OF THE
ROXIE AND SOLD TICKETS.



"WELL IF YOU DON'T, DON'T
BE EMBARRASSED."



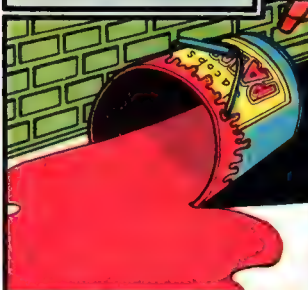
"NOBODY ELSE KNOWS FOR SURE EITHER."

"IT IS A STRANGE LATENCY
IN THE HUMAN MIND..."



"STRONG IN SOME, WEAK IN OTHERS..."

"WHICH MAKES THE AVERAGE READER
BECOME RESTLESS IF THE COURSE OF
TRUE LOVE RUNS SMOOTHLY."



AND AUGIE WAS A DWARF.

"YOU HAVE OPENED YOUR STORY WITH A BEAUTIFUL MALE CREATURE AND A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE CREATURE WHO OUGHT TO FALL IN LOVE."



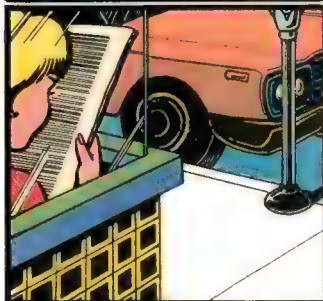
AND THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO IT EXCEPT FOR FOUL BERNIE THE GIMP.



"YOU HAVE TEASED THE READER A BIT ABOUT THIS,



"NOW SOMETHING DARK AND THREATENING MUST FALL ATTHWART THEIR LOVE."



"EDITORS CALL THIS THE COMPLICATION



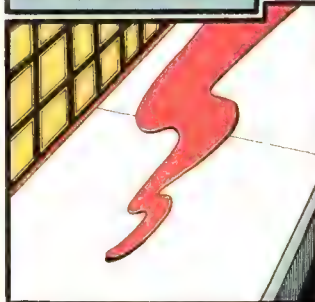
"IN THIS COMPLICATION IT WILL APPEAR THAT THE TWO CREATURES...WHO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE ARE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO GET TOGETHER IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER."



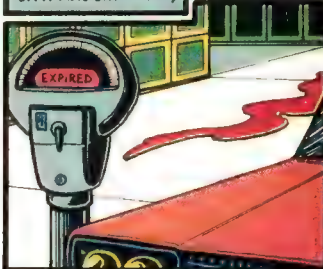
HE WAS FOUL WHEN HE WAS DRUNK



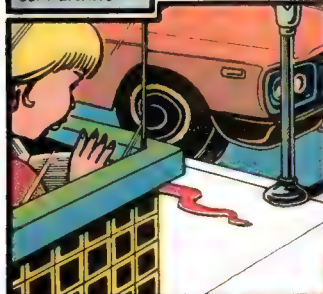
"THE READER KNOWS PERFECTLY WELL THAT THE PAIR WILL MARRY..."



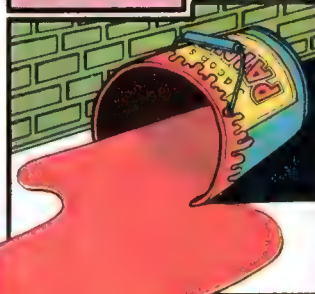
"...OR ARRIVE AT A LESS COMPLEX ADJUSTMENT IN THE END ACCORDING AS TO WHETHER IT IS A PURE LOVE STORY OR A NAUGHTY ONE;



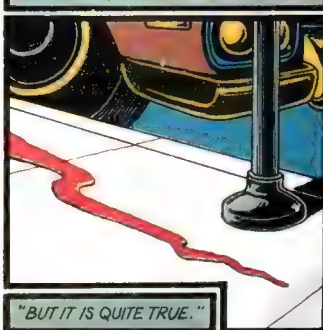
"YET DESPITE HIS KNOWLEDGE...[THE READER] WILL WORRY ABOUT THE COMPLICATION."



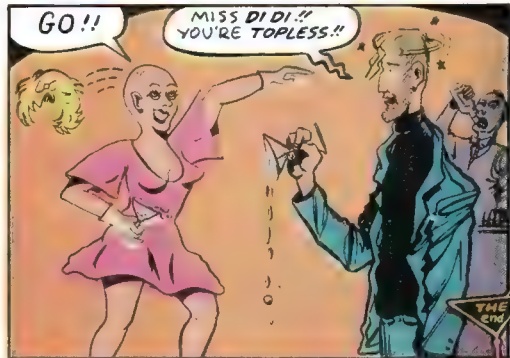
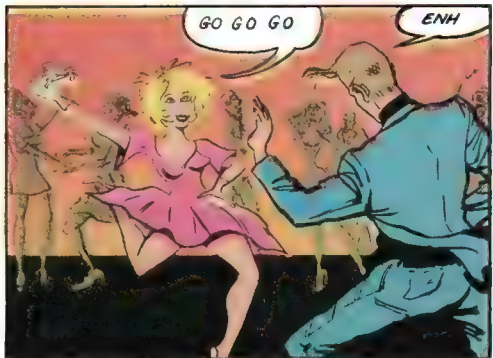
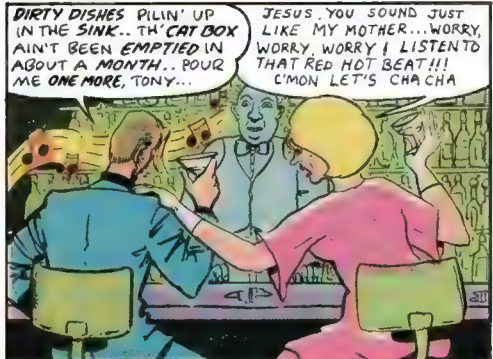
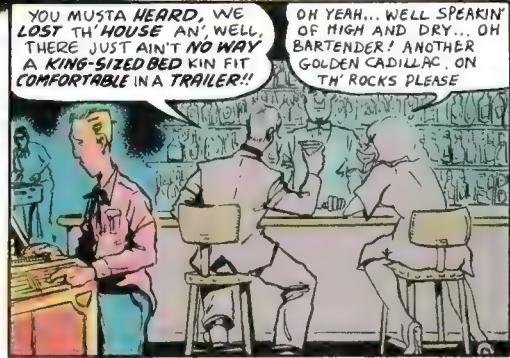
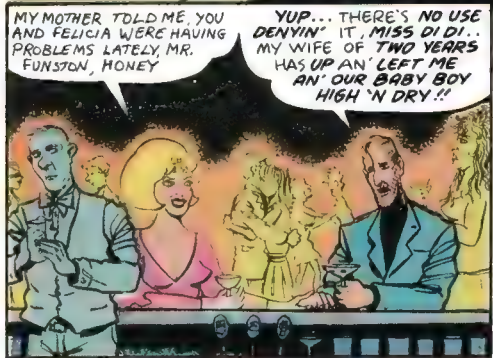
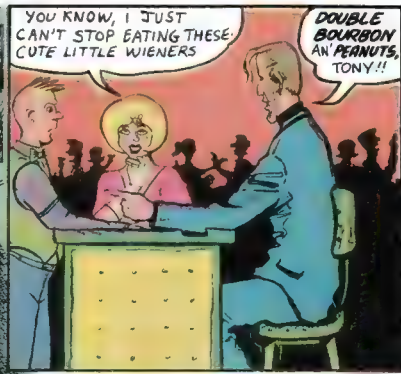
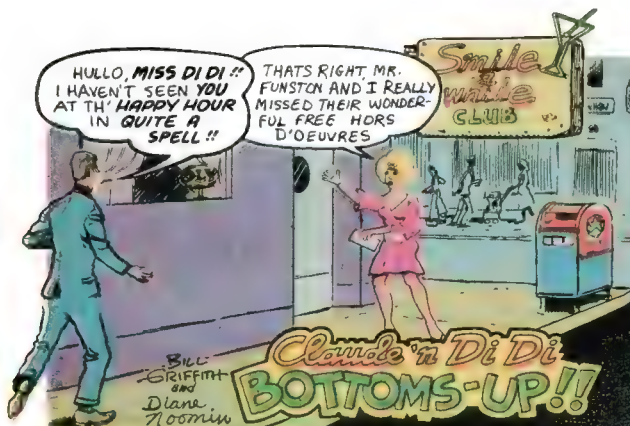
HE WAS FOUL WHEN HE WAS DRUNK AND HE WAS ALWAYS DRUNK. SO HE WAS CALLED FOUL BERNIE.

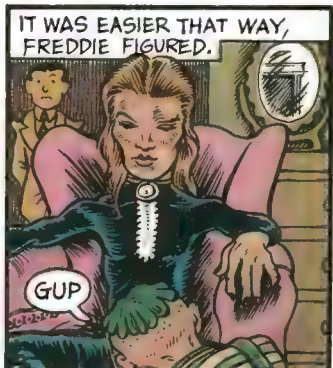
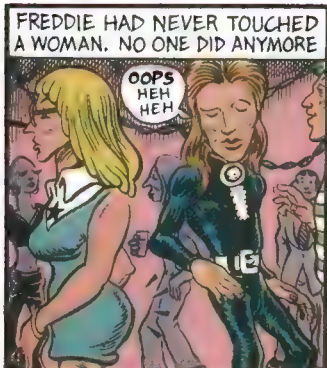
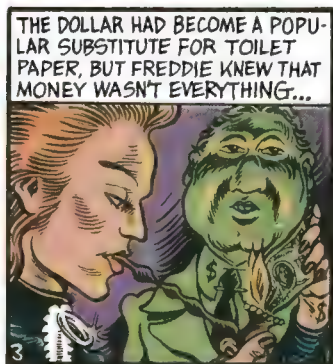
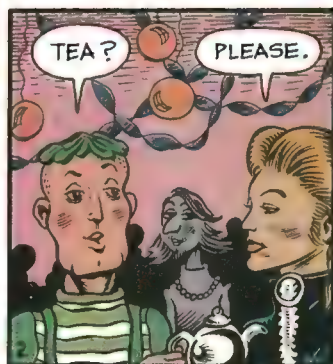
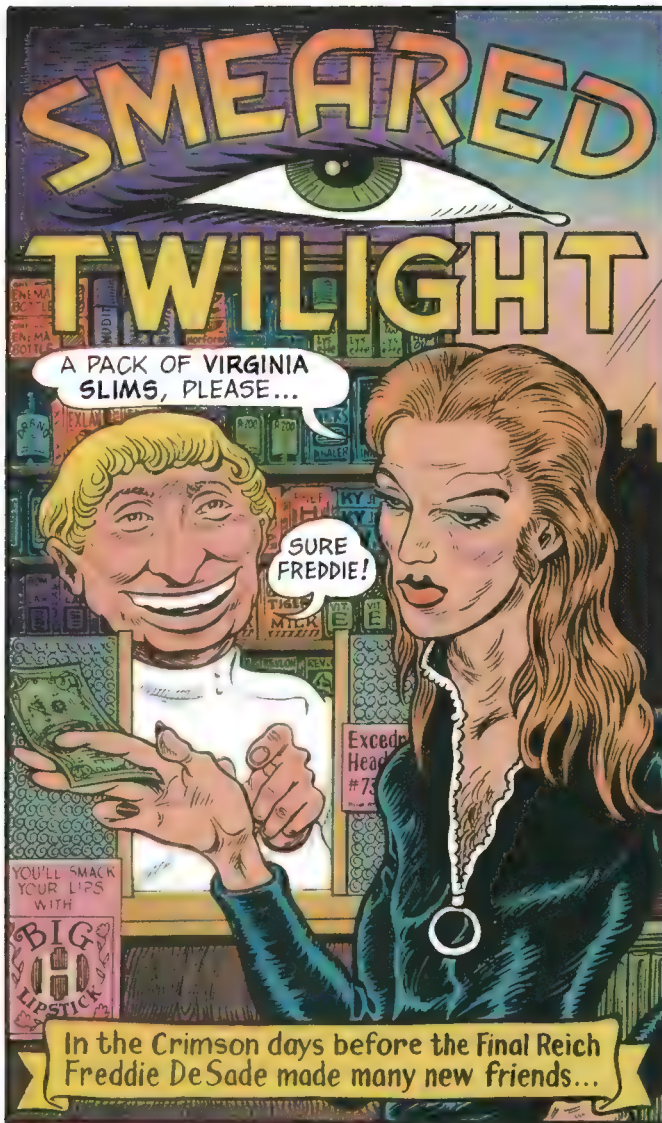


"WHY THIS SHOULD BE ONLY HEAVEN KNOWS."

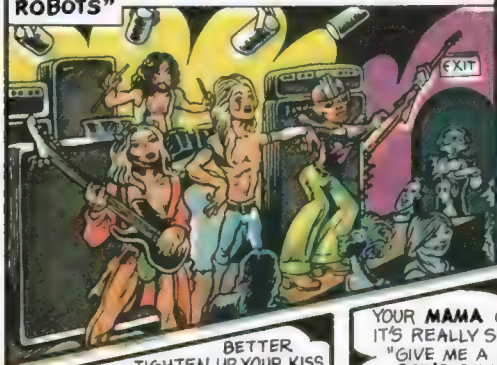


"BUT IT IS QUITE TRUE."

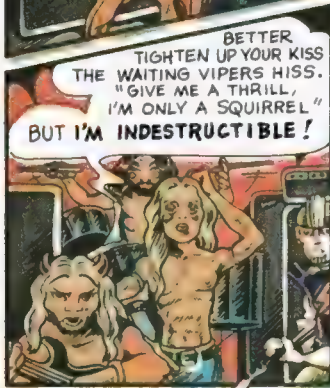
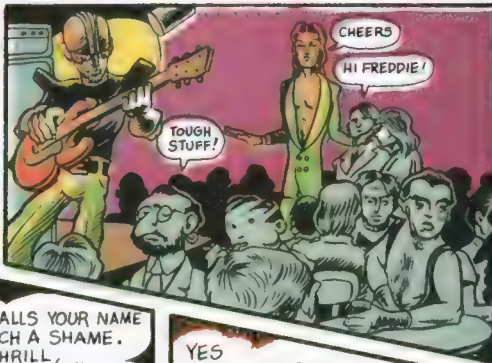




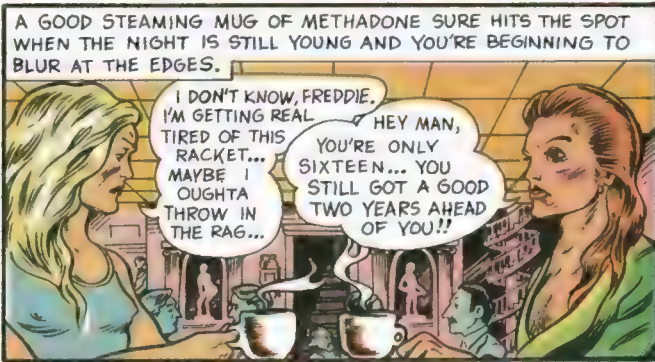
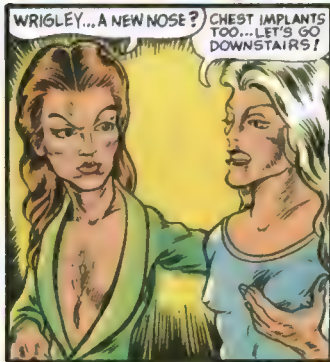
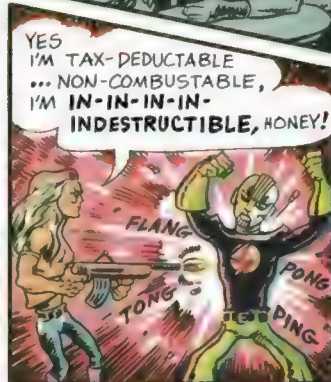
FREDDIE KNEW WRIGLEY...AND WRIGLEY WAS IN A BAND... "MR. SLASH AND HIS FANCY ROBOTS"

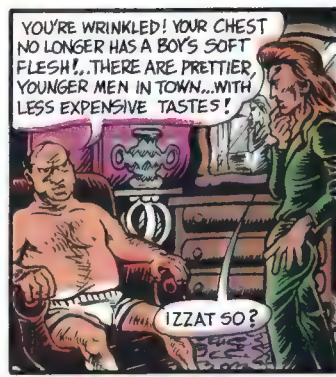
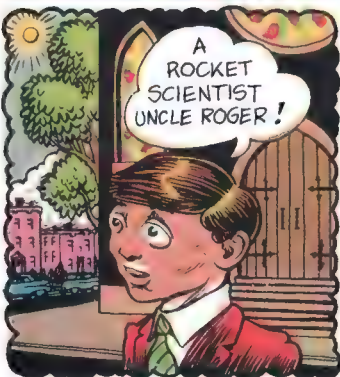
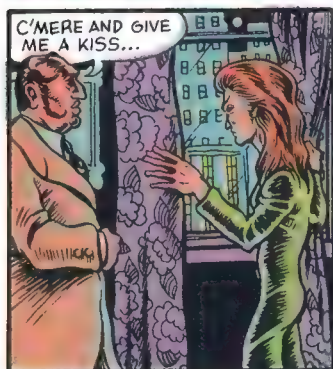


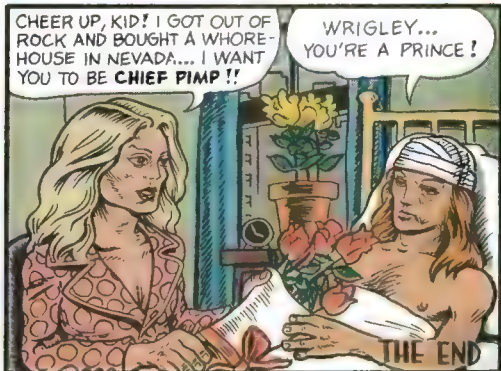
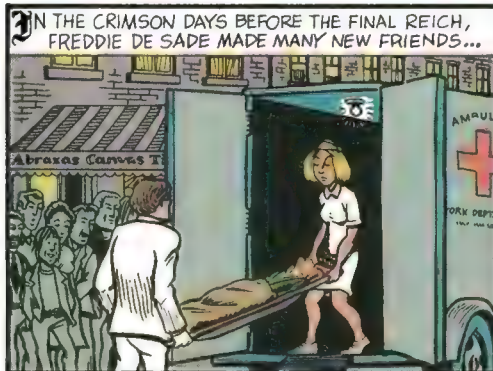
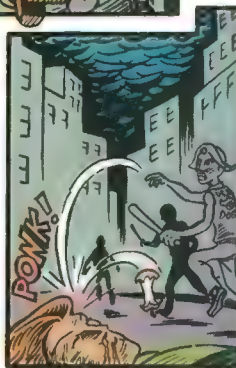
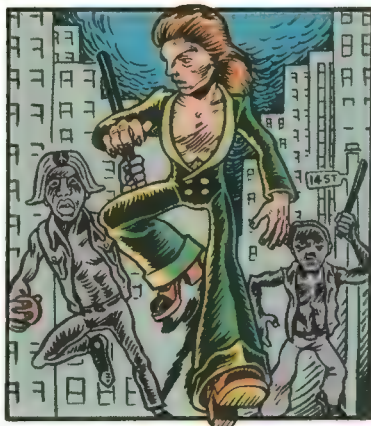
THEY WERE PLAYING THE MIDNIGHT SHOW THAT WEEK AT ABRAXAS' CANVAS TITTY...



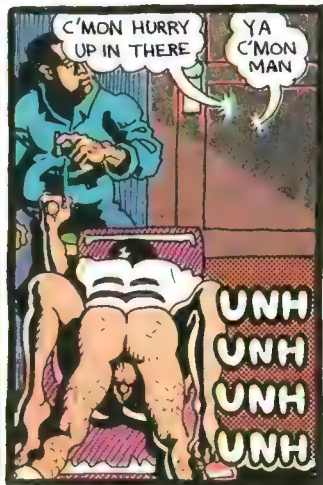
YOUR MAMA CALLS YOUR NAME IT'S REALLY SUCH A SHAME. "GIVE ME A THRILL, SHE'S ONLY A GIRL" BUT I'M INDESTRUCTIBLE!

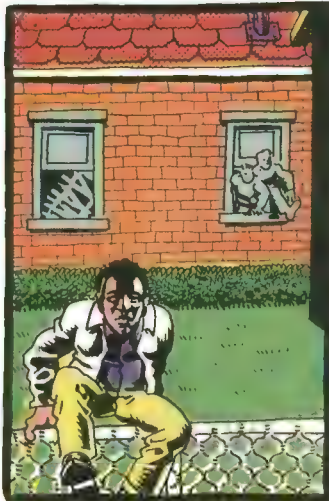








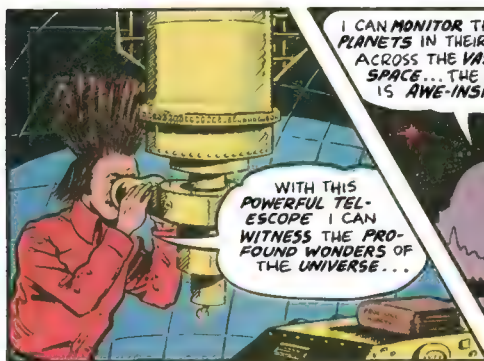
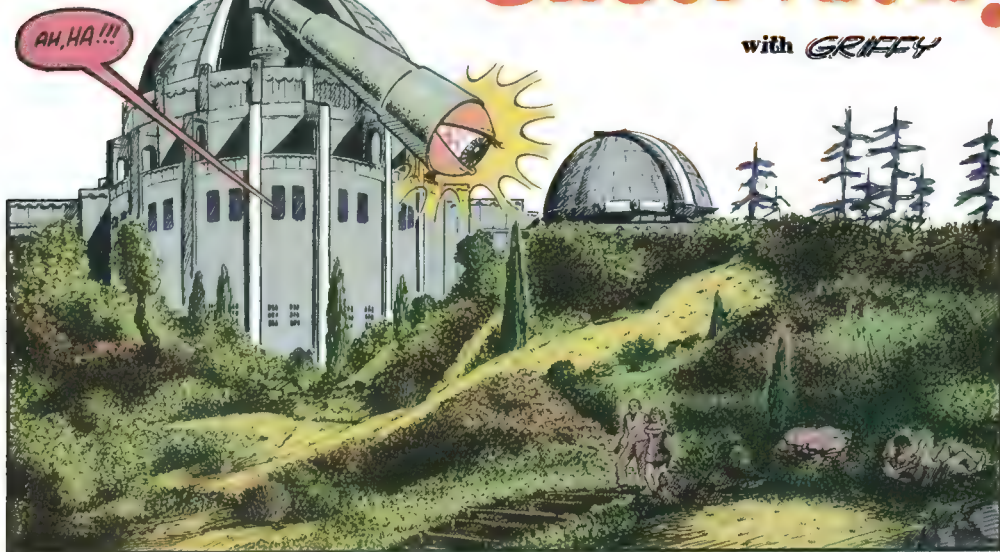




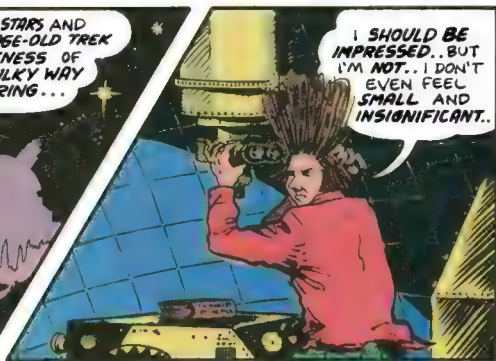


Scenic Views from the Griffith Observatory

with **GRIFFY**



I CAN MONITOR THE STARS AND PLANETS IN THEIR AGE-OLD TREK ACROSS THE VASTNESS OF SPACE... THE MILKY WAY IS AWE-INSPIRING...

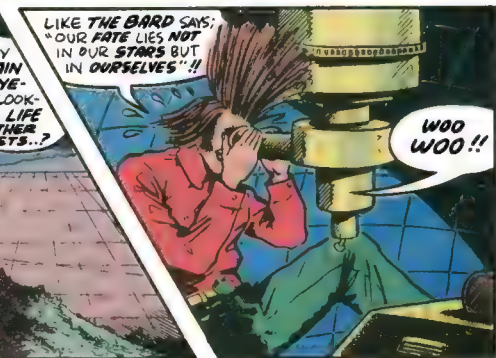


I SHOULD BE IMPRESSED... BUT I'M NOT... I DON'T EVEN FEEL SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT...



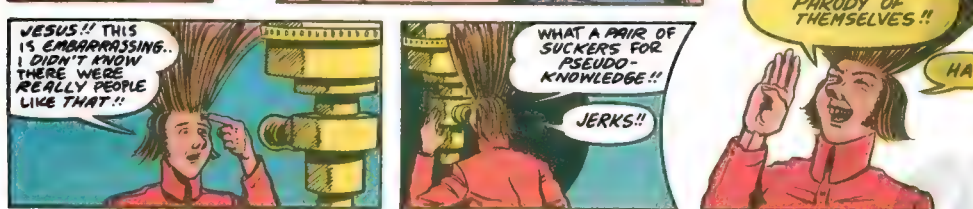
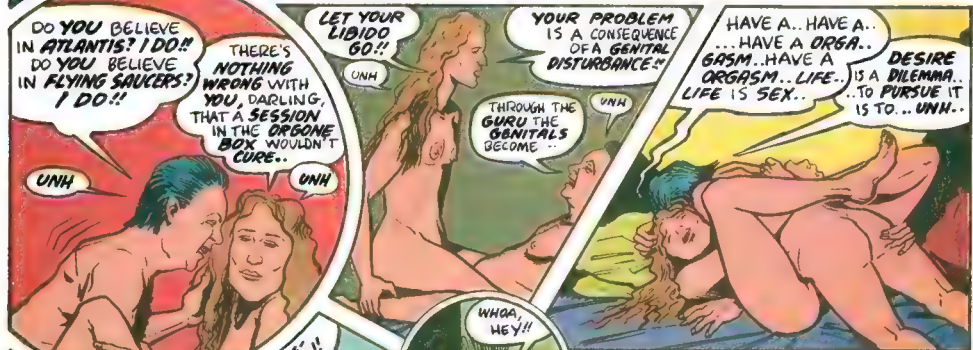
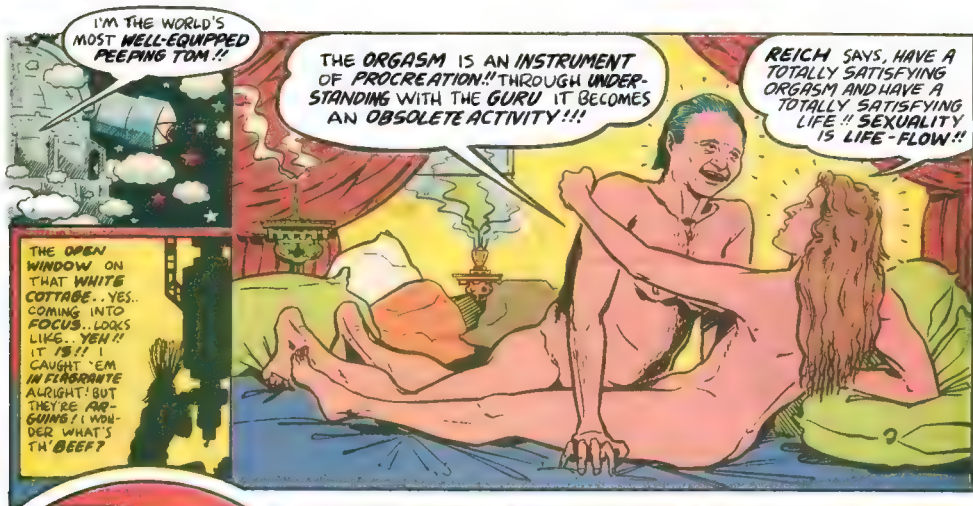
THERE'S ONE THING I ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY ---

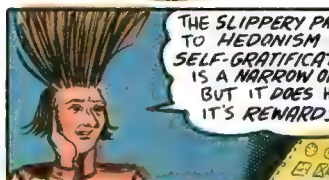
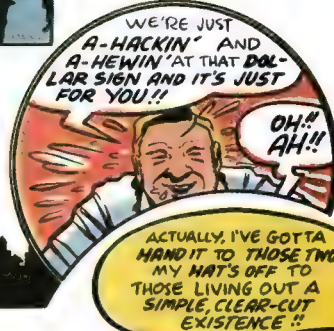
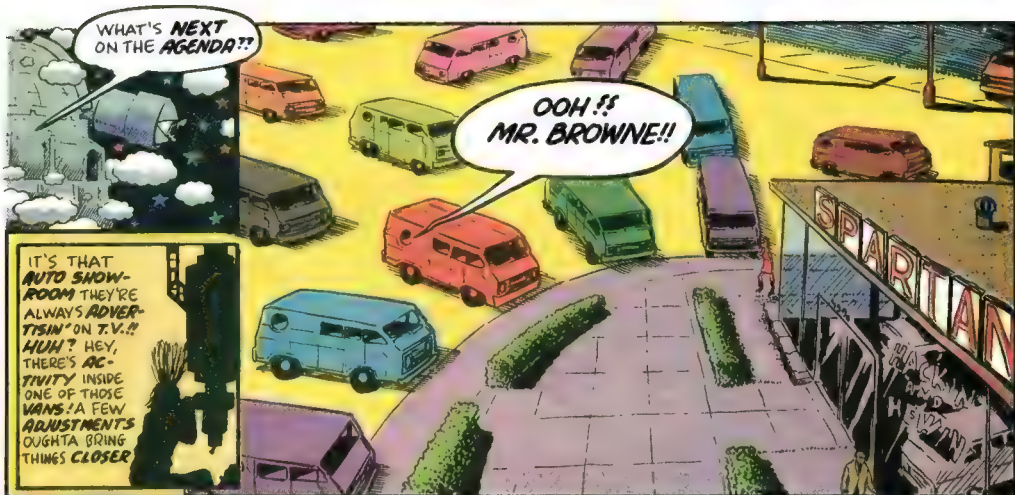
WHY STRAIN MY EYE-BALLS LOOKING FOR LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS...?



LIKE THE BARD SAYS: "OUR FATE LIES NOT IN OUR STARS BUT IN OURSELVES"!!

WOO WOO!!



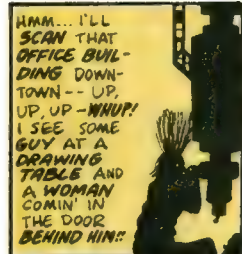
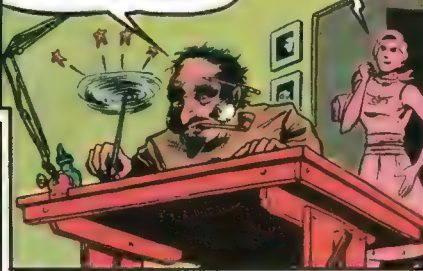




TIME TO "RAISE
MY SIGHTS" A
TINY BIT--

..AFTER THIS GAG
FOR "ARMY LAFFS" I'VE
GOT TWO MORE TO DO
FOR "SEX TO SEXTY" AND
AN ILLO FOR "NUGGET"!!

HI, SWEETIE!!



HMM... I'LL
SCAN THAT
OFFICE BUILD-
ING DOWN-- UP,
UP, UP-- WHUP!
I SEE SOME
GUY AT A
DRAWING
TABLE AND
A WOMAN
COMIN' IN
THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM!!



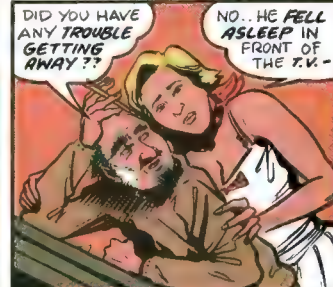
YOU'VE BEEN
OVERDOING IT
AGAIN--

YES,
I...



..IT'S.. JUST SO HARD
FOR ME, DEBORAH... I...
KNOW I COULD BE
DOING BETTER..

OH--



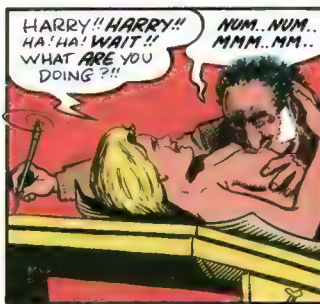
DID YOU HAVE
ANY TROUBLE
GETTING
AWAY??

NO.. HE FELL
ASLEEP IN
FRONT OF
THE T.V.-



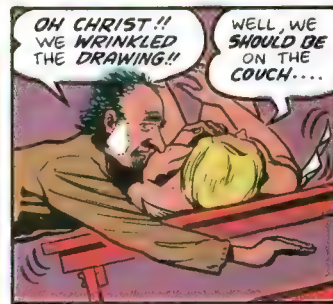
HELP ME WITH
THIS ZIPPER
WILL YOU, SWEETIE??

..UH, YEH..



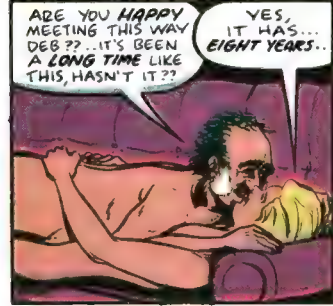
HARRY!! HARRY!!
HA' HA' WAIT!!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING??

NUM. NUM..
MMM. MM..



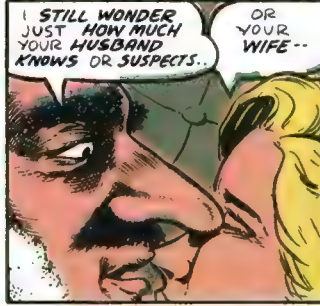
OH CHRIST!!
WE WRINKLED
THE DRAWING!!

WELL, WE
SHOULD BE
ON THE
COUCH....



ARE YOU HAPPY
MEETING THIS WAY
DEB??.. IT'S BEEN
A LONG TIME LIKE
THIS, HASN'T IT??

YES,
IT HAS...
EIGHT YEARS..



I STILL WONDER
JUST HOW MUCH
YOUR HUSBAND
KNOWS OR SUSPECTS..

OR
YOUR
WIFE--



I LOVE YOU,
DEBORAH

I LOVE YOU, ALSO,
HARRY--



UM...



AYE,
YI, YI..



THERE'S NOTHING
VERY FUNNY
ABOUT A COUPLE
TRYING TO KEK OUT
A LITTLE HAPP-
INESS FROM
TRAPPED LIVES--



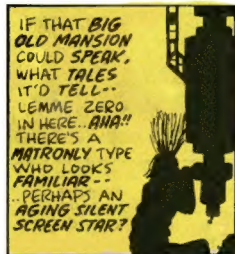
IT'S SAD... IT'S
REALLY SAD... THE
INEVITABLE DISILLUSION-
MENT WITH MARRIAGE..
...WITH MOST RELATION-
SHIPS--

PEOPLE
USE EACH
OTHER UP..

THE
EGGHEAD



...MAYBE AMID THE GLITTER OF HOLLYWOOD HILLS I'LL LOSE MY BLUES...



IF THAT BIG OLD MANSION COULD SPEAK, WHAT TALES IT'D TELL--
LEMMIE ZERO IN HERE... ANA!!
THERE'S A MATRONLY TYPE WHO LOOKS FAMILIAR--
PERHAPS AN ASHING SILENT SCREEN STAR?



THAT AWFUL MAN!! WHY DO YOU LET HIM TORTURE YOU LIKE THAT??

AM I NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU??



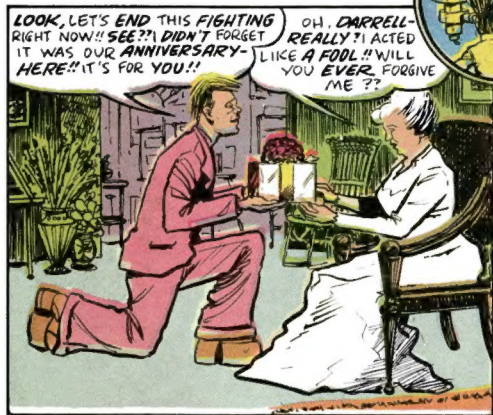
PAMELA, YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL PERSON-- AND WE'VE HAD ALL THIS OUT LONG AGO.. CAN'T WE JUST BE, WELL, SUPPORTIVE WITH EACH OTHER?



OH, YOU THINK I'M A RIDICULOUS OLD WOMAN!! I SUPPOSE I AM... WHEN I WAS 23 I MARRIED A MAN FOR HIS MONEY.. HE WAS 60.. I HAD A LONG STRING OF AFFAIRS... I THOUGHT HE WAS RIDICULOUS..



DON'T DO THIS TO YOURSELF... I DO NOT THINK YOU'RE RIDICULOUS!! IF ANYTHING, TONY THINKS I'M A HALF-WIT!!



LOOK, LET'S END THIS FIGHTING RIGHT NOW!! SEE?? I DIDN'T FORGET IT WAS OUR ANNIVERSARY-- HERE!! IT'S FOR YOU!!

OH, DARRELL-- REALLY?! ACTED LIKE A FOOL!! WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME??



...IT'S FROM ANCIENT PERU!!

OH-- FROM PERU??



...THEY JUST HAVE DIFFERENT NEEDS... AND, AND, IT'S A TRAGIC SITUATION...

SNURF



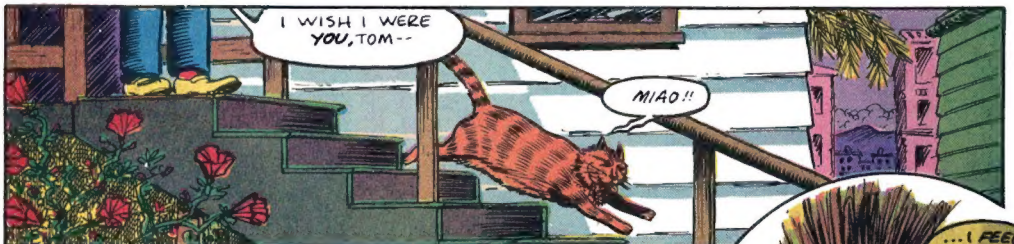
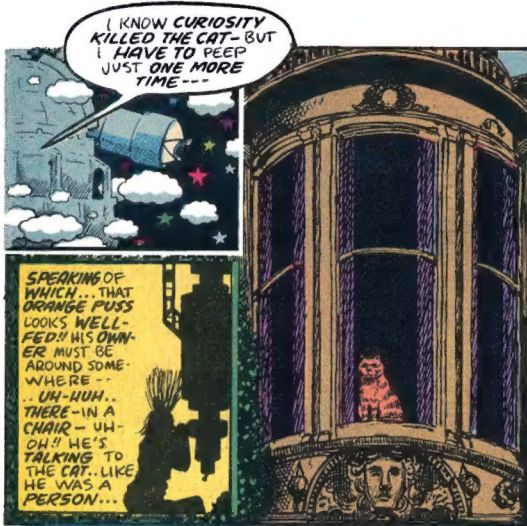
IT'S THE HUMAN CONDITION, OR THE HUMAN COMEDY, OR... I DON'T KNOW.. I'M...



...PART OF IT, TOO...



...I CAN'T REALLY FEEL ABOVE IT ALL...

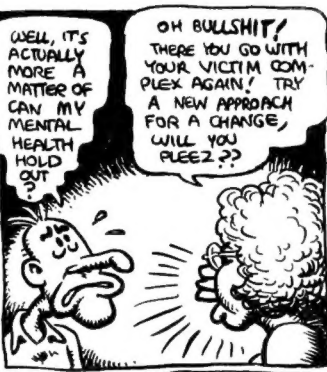


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THE END

The RED HOT ROMANCES of SHLUB MUGUBB

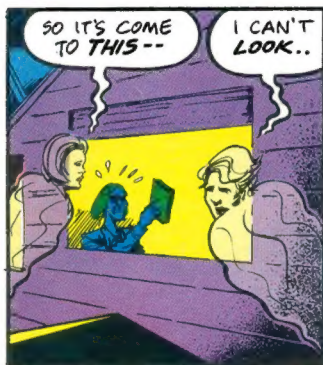
— HE LIKES THE WOMEN! —



IT NEVER ENDS...

RANDY + CHERISSE

RETURN FROM THE GRAVE



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1, 2 & 3



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